

LITERATURE.

Freebooters, "White Sealers" and "Trappers," by Gustave Aimard; and "The Great Van Brock Property," by J. A. MacLellan.

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Mr. Carpenter, one of our well-known New York artists, an enthusiastic admirer and supporter of President Lincoln, conceived the idea, in the latter part of 1863, of painting a picture commemorating "the first reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

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The painting of the picture, comprising a life-size group of the President and Cabinet, occupied six months, from February to August, 1864, during which period Mr. Carpenter enjoyed constant intercourse with the President, as well as the various members of the Cabinet.

The subject of the picture, together with the circumstances attending the execution of the work, and the death of President Lincoln so soon after its completion, conspired to give to it an extraordinary degree of interest, manifested by the crowds who thronged to see it during the time it was on exhibition in different parts of the country.

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The name "People's Edition," given by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton to a new and convenient issue of "Hood's Poems," complete in one volume, is warranted by its double significance; for Hood ranged himself on the side of the people, making their life the inspiration of his noblest poetry, and the people have enthusiastically adopted him as their poet; and if there were a Congress of poets on Parnassus, Hood would be found elected by a vast majority from the ranks of working men and women.

There is something very touching in the affectionate regard with which he is held by rough men both in England and America! they see in him a true champion, who was one with them in sympathy and suffering, and adhered to the cause of humanity not to further any petty ends of his own, but because his nature was identified with theirs.

For the people, as distinct from privileged classes, Hood always must be the representative poet. He has made the wrongs of those suffering from class-oppression to sing themselves where no formal petition could get entrance; and we are convinced that his "Song of the Shirt," which has become a sort of rallying cry, has effected more of a change in the condition of working men than all other direct appeals combined.

There is no one, whose instincts of humanity have not been crushed by social privileges, that does not respond to Hood's fervent words. We weep with him; we laugh. He has built up a democracy to the sound of his enchanting lyre. It is the people who are finally to prevail in the world. The poets of class will go down with class—but Hood, will be elevated to a higher place than he holds even now.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.—The readers of THE TELEGRAPH will remember that some months ago we published a minute description of the splendid national painting by Mr. Carpenter of the "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln." For the purpose of giving it wide circulation it has been engraved by A. H. Ritchie, of New York, and will be sold only to subscribers. Mr. T. B. Pugh, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, is the sole agent for this city, and he has now on exhibition at his store a very fine proof below letters which will show his style, and conclude our notice.

The Christian Commonwealth has already far outlasted all the States that were existing at the time of its foundation; it numbers far more citizens than any of the States which it has been springing up near it. It subverts without the help of armaments; resting on no accidental or physical support, but on an inherent immortality, it defies the enmity of ancient civilization, the brutality of medieval barbarism, and under the present universal empire of public opinion it is so secure that it can defy the fiercest and most destructive of the parties of the world; it has added a new chapter to the science of politics; it has passed through every change of form which a State can know; it has been democratical, aristocratical; it has made some essays towards constitutional monarchy, and it has furnished the most energetic and scientific tyranny of which history makes mention.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE; OR, THE PRICE OF A CROWN. A Historical Romance of the Fifteenth Century. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street.

The work before us has been out of print for fifteen years, and is to all intents and purposes a new book to the reading public. Probably there is no other kind of romance which partakes of that peculiar fascination which envelops a novel with characters drawn from history. What is truth and what is fiction, where the boundary line divides the real and the imaginary, and whether the parties painted did really thus suffer, adventure, and love, are questions which, while they may perplex, yet add a thousand-fold to the reader's interest.

The "Queen's Favorite" is one of those strange yet thrilling mixtures, partaking of the spirit of Eugene Sue (to whom the authorship has been ascribed) and the dramatic power of G. P. R. James. The scene is laid in Spain, in the middle of the fifteenth century. The Don Quixotes had not then all disappeared. Chivalry and feudalism were yet dominant features in the political world. Romance was not a thing to be resorted to, and the licentiousness of semi-barbarism yet rioted untroubled in the warm climate of the hot-blooded Castilian.

With such materials we would be surprised did the author not weave an interesting narrative. He had all the pieces at his control, and all that was needed was to put them together. He has done so in a way which, if not the most symmetrical, is at all events absorbing power. It does not possess too much prating about morality, but does abound by far too fully in sentimental and maudlin protestations of affection. Yet it is, as a whole, as good as any sensational novel we have seen, and will compare most favorably with any of the Messrs. Peterson's publications. It was issued this morning, and will meet with an undoubtedly large sale.

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THE HOME OF VICTOR HUGO.

From the New York Galaxy. To the northwest of France, hidden in the mystic vapors of the ocean, lies a fortunate archipelago. The gulf stream there brings out a flora worthy of the fairest isles of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. Geologists tell us what a revolution detached this Norman soil from the Norman coast, and relate how the sea, invading the immense bay which separates Guernsey from Brest, only suffered those rocks to remain which were high and firm enough to defend themselves, as on Mount Saint Michael, against its wrath.

Without need of science, the traveller easily finds the law for these conclusions of nature, and their traces. Jersey and Guernsey are only to be reached by line of small islands and rocks, almost on a level with the water, and scattered about, sometimes near each other, and sometimes parted, like links of a chain. As the traveller draws near, valleys green, meadows, cottages, flowers, and meadows. This is Jersey.

Jersey and Guernsey are, to the curious eye, two gardens which the rocks hold suspended above the sea; to the thinker they are two worlds, two kingdoms, the one above the other, the one the proudest continent, its shores that look upon the whole circle of the horizon? Coasts, ports, plains, mountains, and valleys are all assembled in a space that can be visited in one day, and to the other.

The climate is delightful, the vegetation fairly like that of a Frenchman, in 1783. If you descend to the sea, a large house will attract your eye, and you will see inscribed upon it the now famous name—"Hauteville House." And there, grouped round the chimney, are Liberty, Exile, and Poetry. Exile! exiles! the time is not to come never to return. If you ask me how it is endured, I will reply, through duty.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon the city of St. Peter, the fort, and the immense horizon of the sea, where nothing seems to trammel the flight of even genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. The apartments and galleries have been entirely reconstructed from designs by Victor Hugo, he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities, such as carved oak, belonging to the middle ages and the Renaissance, with enamels, porcelain gathered together and arranged in the most tasteful manner, with Venetian and Florentine wonders. The house within—for externally it presents the aspect of a rugged English house—work of art, the materials of which are the rarest woods, and the workmanship is the most perfect that can be achieved. It is a revelation of the master, who, indeed, reveals himself by the mottoes and devices traced upon the walls and furniture. Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture. If we now rise and rebuild edifices according to the style of a primitive construction, if we refrain inscriptions, restore statuary and basso-relievo, we should remember that "Noire Dame de Paris" and "Voyage sur les Bords du Rhin" helped us to do so by giving us the rudiments of our science.

Victor Hugo's house is entered by a vestibule, the construction of which immediately arrests the eye. On the upper lintel is a basso-relievo, representing the principal subject of Victor Hugo's "Hautville House," which is gilded and painted. The effect is charming; beauty seems to welcome you at the very entrance. The basso-relievo is accompanied by glass windows with arabesque panels, and a door to lead to the cottages of the Black Forest. On the right and left, in carved oak, are two medallions, left by David, after Victor Hugo and his second daughter. A column in the purest style of the Renaissance supports the roof, and adds still more to the tranquillity and severity which mark the entrance.

This vestibule is lighted by the softened rays which penetrate the small squares of glass, forming a chandelier, such as Rembrandt loved. In this sort of light, a portrait of Victor is visible, that of the dining-room. On a panel is written:—"Love and Believe." Above one of the doors, and below a statuette of the Virgin, is a word that promises hospitality to the visitor:—"Welcome."

Let us accept our welcome and enter the billiard room, where we shall see many interesting pictures belonging to the family, with geographical charts, and the poet's designs, framed in lead. In the second story opens with a folding door, and a formal carved and gilded cedar, a masterpiece found by Victor Hugo. This gallery is called the "Oak Gallery," it is a sort of guest chamber, in fact. Six windows, looking out upon Fort St. George, distribute the light through a perfect forest of carved oak.

Occupying double the depth taken for the parlors on the first story, the "Oak Gallery" is divided into two parts by a delicate arrangement of furniture, and a handsome doorway with spiral columns in the Renaissance style, painted and gilt. In the first division is the mantel-piece; in the second is seen a magnificent bed, so vast that it seems to have been built, rather than put up.

The mantel-piece, which is wide, low, and massive, is enriched with the most delicate workmanship. It represents the "Sacrifice of Isaac," which is executed in an oak frame, embellished with two demi-caryatides. Four caryatides, two feet high, hold up this charming pediment. They represent repeatedly, Sylvanus with Dryads. All the figures are crowned with flowers and fruits, and their bodies are partly covered with arabesque ornaments, with fine arabesques. Behind these exquisite statues is a large glass placed on a level with a pedestal which supports a Coladon drinking out of an exquisite vase, such as would please the most fastidious antiquary. The two lateral wings are formed of very rich panels, upon which the scabbellum of the caryatides rests. It would be vain to attempt to describe the wilderness of Biblical, Pagan, and Chinese figures, in which the artist has blended baboons' heads with dryads' faces.

The bed fronts the mantel-piece, the head of it resting against the wall and the feet directed towards the spectator. The canopy is formed of an arrangement of panels; the head of the bed holds forward two mythological subjects, accompanied with small columns and spirals, surmounted by a bracket-pedestal in ebony, crowned by a death's head in ivory. The bed is under a scabbellum ornamented with flowers and fruits, and their bodies are partly covered with arabesque ornaments, with fine arabesques. Behind these exquisite statues is a large glass placed on a level with a pedestal which supports a Coladon drinking out of an exquisite vase, such as would please the most fastidious antiquary. The two lateral wings are formed of very rich panels, upon which the scabbellum of the caryatides rests. It would be vain to attempt to describe the wilderness of Biblical, Pagan, and Chinese figures, in which the artist has blended baboons' heads with dryads' faces.

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copper, animates this apartment, lighted by two large windows opening upon the garden. Add to this a mantel-piece such as our ancestors looked upon, and Gobelins tapestry upon the walls, on which the riches of summer are spread around.

Vases and statues of porcelain and delft are everywhere. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries offer nothing more curious. A statuette, *Noble Dame de Bon-Secours*, carrying the *Christ*, whose little hand grasps a globe representing the world, is above the superstructure of the mantel-piece. Below it is this verse, to be found in the "Chansons des Rues des Bots":—"The people are little but shall be great. Within thy sacred arms, oh! mother, cheer, Oh! hot Liberty, with conquering step, The child who bears the world doth rest."

Various legends complete the aspect of the place. Here one sees the word "Mantel" in front of the word "God;" further on the plaintive words, "My Country;" again a melancholy line, "Life is exile," and near that this pious counsel:—"Inhabitant of fading lands, Think of eternal beauty, and a little heavenly axiom:—"Post primum statim Veni passim mille moribus, Vale!"

An arm-chair of carved oak is placed against the wall at the upper end of the table. Victor Hugo looks upon it as the ancestral seat of his family. A chain closes it, bearing among other inscriptions the words, "The absent are there." The simplest apartments are used by the family and the galleries spread forth all their riches. The study is the first room; the first story is divided into two portions. Hangings of Indian damask, of crimson hue, cover the walls of the red parlor, and serve as a frame-work to the great Norwegian tapestries, which formerly belonged to the bed-chamber of Queen Christina, at Fontainebleau. The panels, of six feet long and five feet broad, in design and workmanship, and through the gold-work mingled with the jet, are treasures such as do not exist elsewhere.

The subjects are fanciful. Golden cocks and eagles gleam upon trees of a porphyry red, the leaves of which are thrown out upon the glittering sky. Gold, silk, velvet, glass, and splendors of silver sparkle upon a foundation of white jet. The most precious materials, the red parlor, two being on the walls and two upon the ceiling. We have mentioned this parlor before, but return to it. Imagine a chimney-piece with four statues gilded with Venice gold which appear to be the words of Lucretius:—"Juvencum sinuatae sedes, Lampades igniferas manibus retinentia dextris."

They support the canopy, which is the chimney-piece, and represent negroes, with flat profiles, shaven heads, and athletic forms, with their busts scarcely covered with slight drapery, upon the walls, and fastened to the ceiling, leaving the lower limbs nude. Each is in a different attitude, and all form part of the same group. They seem to be darting forward and obeying an order. Behind them, a glass, which is mounted to the ceiling, reflects them with fine effect.

In the embrasures left on each side by the projection of the general construction, two old Japanese monkeys grimace and look at themselves in the mirrors with grotesque frames. The canopy is Chinese silk, ornamented with faces and birds. Six pedestals with golden brocade carouches support the statues and monsters. A small Louis XIII clock, representing the Samaritan woman, rests upon the slab of the mantel-piece.

Two tables, one in Renaissance ebony, inlaid with tortoise shell, the other in marquetry, of the Louis XV style, are placed on the right and left. The latter is a perfect gem, and is besides, a marvellous screen, which looks as if it had escaped from Madame de Pompadour's boudoir; a handsome China vase, and a Japanese perfume stand made of bronze, which was given to Victor Hugo by Alexandre Dumas, complete the furnishing of this room.

The blue parlor, which is next in order, is no less sumptuous in another order of decoration. A large Louis XV clock, representing the Samaritan woman, rests upon the slab of the mantel-piece. Two tables, one in Renaissance ebony, inlaid with tortoise shell, the other in marquetry, of the Louis XV style, are placed on the right and left. The latter is a perfect gem, and is besides, a marvellous screen, which looks as if it had escaped from Madame de Pompadour's boudoir; a handsome China vase, and a Japanese perfume stand made of bronze, which was given to Victor Hugo by Alexandre Dumas, complete the furnishing of this room.

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can expand, though the space is as limited for the body as a captain's cabin. There stands the poet's table, his paper upon it, with ink and pen. It contains an iron bed, as hard as a soldier's couch.

The garden is but a half acre of flowers and lawn, and contains a pretty bit of water surrounded by a grassy margin; two honest ducks perform the part of swans as well as they can, near a terra-cotta fountain, at the base of which are dolphins' heads, frowning miniature cascades into the air. On lifting the lyre around the fountain, and above the side of the inscription:—"Where hope is, there is peace." On the other side, this verse, from the "Contemplations":—"Immediacy is being, eternity the soul."

The poet sits in the garden, and looks—towards France!

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EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

From the Tribune. There is no longer any question as to the character of what were at first called the negro riots at Memphis. They were negro riots in the same sense in which the outbreak in July, 1863, in New York, was a negro riot—that is, the negroes were the victims of both. Just what disturbance occasioned the conflict in Memphis will not probably be known, nor is it of much consequence. But it is plain from all accounts that a disturbance, originally trifling, was made the pretext for a general assault upon the negro population of the city, which was continued for two days and nights. In this assault, the police, the firemen, the city authorities, and the unorganized mob acted in concert, and were animated by the single purpose to do the greatest amount of damage to the negro population and to their dwellings and churches and schools.

The atrocities of the mob were not unworthy of its great New York prototype, which, perhaps, the most savage yet heard of in a civilized city. Most of the negroes who were shot were butchered on the second day, when there was no longer any resistance, and when the negroes were seeking safety in concealment and flight. We select a few specimens of the pleasantries in which the mob indulged:—"Robert Jones (colored) had just come in from the country, and was standing at the corner of Beal and Casey streets in the forenoon. A man appearing to be a policeman, took his pistol and \$25 in money and as he turned to leave, thrust a knife into his back, below the shoulder blade. Another, standing by, known to be a policeman, made no arrest of the robber."

—Which shows that the police, unlike our police in 1863, were on the side of the mob. "A negro was shot in the knee near the corner of Howard and Row streets. This was done by a well-known individual for the sake of amusement, and was laughed at by the citizens who saw it."

—The individual is so well known that the paper from which we quote does not think it worth while, or does not dare, to give his name. But these instances are not worthy of the elaborate ingenuity of other cruelties. "A large number of houses in South Memphis, occupied by the blacks, and some in other parts of the city, were burned. No effort was made to stay the flames. In one instance, negroes were fastened up in a house and the house set on fire."

"A colored man on Alabama street informs us that he has seen a man, about about two hundred dollars in money taken and his head cut off; and the same party broke into his neighbor's house, killed him, locked the wife and children in the house, set it on fire, and burned it down."

—That is almost as good as burning a Colored Orphan Asylum. "A house near Mr. Rankin's school-house, which was burnt on Tuesday, was fired during the night. A colored girl, 17 years of age, named Rachel Hatch, who had been a scholar of Mr. Rankin, was sick in bed, and was taken out of bed, and thrown down, and thrown into the fire. She was killed in the ashes yesterday morning, burnt to a crisp, excepting her head and shoulders. Some one had kindly thrown a shawl over her body."

The reign of terror was complete throughout the city, and the violence or threats of the mob extended beyond the negroes, and reached to all who were their friends:—"I and my wife were made by the rioters to leave our destroyed school-house, and threats were so violent, and the rioters having shown themselves capable of any brutality, it was deemed prudent that they should go North. I was on my way to Cairo on the St. Louis packet. Many of the officers on duty here sent their wives away with their babies."

What destruction